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LIVINGSTONE:
THE MAN OF SACRIFICE

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BY

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David Livingstone: The Man of Sacrifice

"Other sheep I have . . . . . them also I must bring."

The Unknown Livingstone

One day, unnoticed by anyone, there walked into Westminster Abbey a young Scotch student. It was his first visit to the far-famed resting-place of Britain's illustrious dead. Very unassuming was this young Scotchman, and there was nothing in his appearance to arrest one's attention. By one who observed keenly, perhaps three things would have been noticed. He had handsome, kindly eyes, his mouth showed unusual determination, and when he walked it was with a firm steady stride, a "characteristic forward tread," that spoke of strength and unyielding resolution and meant "getting there." No one in all England knew that he had walked into the Abbey that day, but thirty-five years later all Europe and America knew that the worn and wasted body of David Livingstone had been brought from Africa and laid to rest within the Abbey walls! Who knows what he thought as he walked those echoing floors and looked upon the monuments of England's famous dead? Would it have been wrong for him to wonder whether he too might some day earn the right to rest with Britain's greatest? But we know that his thoughts were far other, for he had heard the call of God to go to distant lands, and was completing his education to fit himself for the career of a missionary. Little cause had David Livingstone that day to think he should ever sleep beneath the stones of Westminster Abbey!

His Early Days

Follow him in his musings. His thoughts go back to the little home in Blantyre, Scotland—a home circumscribed and even pinched by poverty, but hallowed by love, dignified by honesty, fortified by a stern sense of duty, and beautified by religion. He sees again the devoted mother, with the blood of the Covenanters in her veins, busy about

the simple duties of the home. He goes back in imagination into the little tea shop, where his father earns the scant profits of his unpromising trade, a dull sort of occupation for him whose ancestors fell on the fatal field of Culloden. Again David Livingstone goes back to the noisy mill, where at ten years of age he began the strenuous toil of his early days. Up and down before the loom he sees himself walking, from six in the morning till eight in the evening, tying the broken threads together. It is a prophecy of the great work of reconstruction he is to do! Such prosy work for him who loved the great out-of-doors, delighted to roam the scented moors and uplands, explore the streams and gather specimens of all the interesting things he saw. And how could he ever forget the eventful day when with his first hard-earned wages he bought a Latin grammar! That book, and later on many others, became his companion at the mill. It was propped up at one end of the frame, and as he walked back and forth at his task he snatched a few lines from his book and gave his mind to them. David Livingstone in training! And they were years of which he never was ashamed!

He Educates Himself

And here he was preparing to be a missionary! He remembered how, even as early as his twelfth year, his thoughts had been turned towards God, and how in years following he had thought often of the serious things of life and death. But best of all, he recalled the time when, at 18 years of age, he definitely settled that his life should be given to God's work. Then he followed his way through medical college, as he prepared to better serve Him whose call he had heard. What an eventful day that was when he walked to Glasgow with his father, and after long search they found the little room where he was to live while he studied medicine. It was his own hard-earned money that took David Livingstone through medical college. He knew better than to waste his time, but he remembered that there was nothing brilliant in his record at the University. And now he had come to study theology. The medical course plus the theological, he thought. That was right: that would put him in line with the work of the Master, for, said he, as he thought it over,—"God had an only Son and He was a medical missionary!"

He Decides on Africa

He remembered how his earliest thoughts had been of China. But the Opium War! Yes, that closed the door for him to the Celestial Empire. God had greater things in store for David Livingstone. God had been preparing him for Africa, and so one day He brought Robert Moffat to him, and they talked together. Only one sentence of that first conversation has been preserved to us, and it was one which burned its way into Livingstone's heart. It altered the course of his life when Moffat told him of "a vast plain to the North where he had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been." It changed the history of a Continent, when David Livingstone said,—"I will go to Africa." A thousand villages visible from a single point of view, and their smoke rising daily to heaven to witness against the tardy, self-indulgent Christian nations of Europe, who cared so little for the Dark Continent! It should be no longer! What one man could do to dispel the darkness of those thousands of villages and bring to them the light and the comfort of the Gospel, he, David Livingstone, would do! The determination made, Livingstone thenceforth belonged to Africa.

David Livingstone had chosen a life of sacrifice, and as his feet passed heedlessly over the very spot where the slab bearing his world-famed epitaph was to be placed, his thoughts were on the paths of preparation which had brought him thus far, and the paths of service which were to lead him, he knew not where, in the swamps and forests and plains of Africa.

He completed his theological training, but he was no preacher. Had he mistaken his vocation? Who might not have asked this question after seeing David Livingstone trying to preach his first sermon! In his utter confusion he made an absolute failure, said, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and left the village chapel. That was a critical hour when he came near being rejected by the London Missionary Society, but there was One who had chosen Livingstone to open up the Dark Continent, and He would not allow such a calamity. David Livingstone's face was set towards Africa. At an

early age he had said,—"I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in its relation to the Kingdom of Christ," and for such a soul, God had a hero's work in store.

He Leaves Home

In 1840, at the age of 27, Livingstone's preparation was completed. On the evening of November 16th, he returned to Blantyre for the solemn, painful duty, which no young missionary who has ever left home for a foreign field of labour can ever forget—saying "Goodbye" to the parents in the old home. He proposed that they should sit up all night and talk, but the faithful mother bade him rest, though it was his last night in Scotland. At five o'clock the next morning they ate together the last breakfast, and then David Livingstone conducted family prayers. Listen to him as he reads the 135th and 121st Psalms. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore." Biographies all draw a veil of silence across his parting with his mother, but watch him as he walks with his grey-haired father to Glasgow. See them as they stand on the quay, alongside the little "Broomielaw," which is ready to sail for Liverpool—two strong men, never to meet again on earth. It was one of their ancestors who had called his children to his death-bed and said,—"Now, lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. Be honest." David Livingstone was proud of his ancestors, and proud of the father whom he left that day in Glasgow, to die just before his famous son returned in 1856 from his first term in Africa.

He Sails for Africa

After a voyage of five months, Livingstone reached Algoa Bay and prepared for his first journey inland—into that great land, the "grave of so many reputations, but the land of his renown." His first objective was Kuruman, a station opened thirty years before by Robert Moffat, and there, in 1840, he began his first term of service, a term which was to last till 1856. His first thought was to get the language and learn to know and love the African with whom he was

to live. Accordingly, he took six months at Lepelole, away from the mission station, cutting himself off wholly from everything civilised. He returned from there a valuable missionary, one who had learnt the language, and, more important, had understood the African and come to love him. This explains his unparalleled influence among the tribes of Africa.

Early Pioneer Work

But Kuruman could not keep David Livingstone. He was essentially a pioneer, and he longed to strike out into unoccupied tracts. "I really am ambitious," he writes, "to preach beyond other men's lines" It was the holy ambition of a Paul. He saw that the South was occupied. He heard the call of the great North, and soon wrote to the Directors of the London Missionary Society for permission to press on into unoccupied areas. It is characteristic of him that he adds that he is willing "to go anywhere, *provided it be forward.*" While he was waiting for the permission, he made six inland journeys, looking for favourable stations, travelling in all over 4,000 miles. He had long to wait, but in 1843 word came, granting him permission.

He is Married

David Livingstone now struck northwards and opened up Mabotsa. It was to the simple home here that in 1844 Livingstone brought his bride—none other than Mary Moffat—whom he had met in her father's home at Kuruman, and to whom he had spoken his heart "beneath one of the fruit trees" there. But he had come near losing Mary Moffat, and the world had come near losing Livingstone the year before, when he had been attacked by a lion and narrowly escaped with his life. The crushed bone of his left shoulder hampered him the rest of his life.

Opens up Two New Stations

A few years latter we find Livingstone moving on 40 miles still further north to Chounane, where he settled down and opened up a new station. Here he had the joy of converting the great chief, Sechele, the head of the Bakuena tribe. So thorough was the change wrought that the old chief even gave up polygamy. David Livingstone laboured incessantly—with his head, his hands and his heart.

Nothing was beneath him, and the rough pioneering life suited him well. A severe drought, however, brought to an end his work in Chounane, and he again moved north 40 miles, settling at Kolobeng. So devoted had the people become to him, and so great was their faith in him, that the whole community went on with Livingstone from Chounane to Kolobeng. Chounane, without Livingstone, was not worth while!

Kolobeng, in turn, was subject to drought, and Livingstone saw that it was not suitable for a permanent station.

Discovers Lake Ngami

His mind was constantly turning to the great unexplored regions of the north. Surely there were high and healthful uplands there, where both water and a suitable climate could be found. To find such a place seemed to him absolutely essential for the permanency of the work. He was told of a great lake up in that region, and could not rest content without attempting to reach it. The journey was finally undertaken, in company with two other Europeans who were travellers. It was perilous in the extreme, especially because of the scarcity of water, and at one time the whole party was without water for nearly four days.

But there seemed to be nothing that this man of "the forward tread" would give up when he had once undertaken it. Lake Ngami was discovered. Not satisfied with this, he returned, and later on brought Mrs. Livingstone and the children, as it seemed the most healthful locality he had yet found. But he was mistaken in the matter of its healthfulness. Malaria in its worst form seized them, and it became necessary to return to Kolobeng.

Two attempts to reach the great chief, Sebituane, whose abode was at Linyanti, north of Lake Ngami, had

He Reaches Linyanti

failed. It was necessary to make a third, and this time—after nearly perishing of thirst in the desert—they reached the man on those help Livingstone so greatly counted. Here was a grand opportunity for a new missionary settlement! But God had other plans for Livingstone—it was not for him ever to settle down in any mission station. Sebituane died within a few days of their arrival, bringing to Livingstone "one of the greatest blows" he ever experienced. He

was stunned, he did not realise the full significance of what this meant, but we can see now that it was God indicating to him that he "should be driven out along the lonely, adventurous path where his destiny lay."

He Sends His Family to England

Livingstone found the Makololo country just beginning to be exploited by the awful slave hunters, and he argued,—"Had we been here sooner the slave traffic would never have existed." The great work of his life began to take shape in his mind—it was his to deal the only possible effective counter blow by opening up the country and establishing Christian settlements, to "stand sentinel over the lives and happiness of the natives of the interior." But this involved for him one of the greatest sacrifices he was ever called upon to endure. His wife and children must be sent back to England, for to accomplish this task he must work *alone*. Before he started back on the arduous journey of 1,500 miles to Cape Town, he explored the surrounding country, discovering the Zambesi river a thousand miles from its mouth. He wrote to the directors of the London Missionary Society telling them of his resolve, and adding,—"Nothing but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the Glory of Christ would make me orphanise my children. So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of our Lord that I should go, I will go, no matter who opposes." His plans were approved by that body of men who, says Livingstone, always acted "in an enlightened spirit," and on the 8th of June, 1852, we find him, in his fortieth year, starting back for the interior for the five most momentous years of his life. Out of that wilderness of temptation and suffering David Livingstone was to come back immortal.

The Record of Eleven Years

But consider what Livingstone had already accomplished during his eleven years in Africa. "He had penetrated furthest north from the Cape of any white man. He had discovered Lake Ngami, and the upper reaches of the Zambesi. He had given Christianity a foothold among the Bakwains and the Makololo. He had converted one of the most remarkable chiefs in Central

Africa. He had built three houses with his own hands, and had taught many hundreds to read. He had exercised the healing art to the relief and benefit of thousands. He had made some progress in reducing Sechuana to a grammatical language: and had even composed hymns in it. He had made invaluable scientific researches, and had enriched our knowledge of the animalia, fauna and flora of Central Africa. Above all, he had seen at first hand the horrors of the slave traffic, and vowed himself to the ultimate prevention of this form of 'Man's inhumanity to man.'"

He Returns to Linyanti

For want of funds to equip himself properly, it took Livingstone three full months to get back to Kuruman, and there, by means of further delay due to a broken wheel, God taught him another lesson. If he had been permitted to push on, he would have been at Kolobeng in time to suffer perhaps death at the hands of Dutch marauders, who sacked the villages of Sechele, murdered sixty of his people, and destroyed the house and belongings of Livingstone. It was May, 1853, before he reached Linyanti, the capital town of the Makololo. Here he first suffered at the hands of that fearful enemy of Africa—malaria—but his mental sufferings due to the "nightmare of heathenism," by which he was constantly surrounded, were far more grievous. He writes,—"To endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, the grumbling, quarrelings and murderings of these children of nature, was the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties." He adds, "They need a healer. May God enable me to be such to them." His strong spirit could endure this no longer—he felt that he must open up this country to the influences of Christian civilisation, cost what it might. Writing to Moffat he says—words that are as imperishable as the great name of the man who penned them in the heart of Africa—"I shall open up a path to the interior or perish."

A Momentous Decision

This decision made by Livingstone, he stands at Linyanti and considers how best to do it. That is a wonderful picture—David Livingstone, standing alone in the heart of Central

Africa, looking east, looking south, looking west, to determine his future course for the opening up of the heart of Africa to those whose feet upon the mountains are beautiful with the good tidings they bring, whose tread means the publishing of peace. He looks east, and in imagination follows the great Zambesi a thousand miles to the sea. He looks south, 1,500 miles to Cape Town; then he fixes his gaze westward, and knows that 1,400 miles beyond, on the shores of the blue Atlantic, lies St. Paul de Loanda. The eastern route would be but to follow the course of the great river. The path from the south he has often traversed—it is both long and leads through the desert. The western route will lead to where British influence is at work, where England's men-of-war can add the boom of the cannon to other arguments against the slave dealer. But the path lies through an unknown region, through which no white man has ever yet gone—it presents the greatest difficulties of all. Yet listen to him as he reasons,—If the slave dealer can penetrate from the east coast, why should not an ambassador of God be able to do a similar deed from the west? He looks again on the darkness of these great central regions, and decides on the hardest course. He has the spirit of the true pioneer, he sings with Walt Whitman—

"We must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

But *this* pioneer was to bear the brunt alone. No compact ranks follow him, and how much depended on David Livingstone then the world was to learn in due season.

Never was such a journey taken with such scant equipment. Twenty-seven Makololo "boys" accompanied him, to whom he gave his word ere he started that he would himself return with them. The usual rate of travel by traders was seven miles

Linyanti to Loanda

a day for ten days a month, but Livingstone made ten miles a day and travelled twenty days a month. It was an unheard of feat. Early in the journey he lost most of his medicines by theft, which proved well nigh fatal. The difficulties to be overcome were appalling. His track was across untraversed and unknown regions, through the densest forests, over great swamps, and across great rivers. He had to fight against fever, dysentery, and the deadly tsetse fly. He passed through the domains of hostile, greedy, treacherous tribes. He had to deal with cowardice and brutality and jealousy. The rains were incessant, rotting their very clothes. The trees and vines and thorns of the tropics were against him. There was constant danger from wild animals, and many a time the party was reduced to living on roots and wild fruit. His beads were stolen, leaving him without the means of barter. His companions at length refused to go on, but relented when they peeped into his tent and saw him pouring forth his soul in prayer. He himself sustained three falls from his ox and twenty-seven attacks of fever. All but a skeleton he reached St. Paul de Loanda on the 31st of May, 1874, after over six months of travel.

The Return Journey

In St. Paul de Londa every kindness was shown to Livingstone by the Portuguese authorities, and the officer of a British ship urged him to sail back to England. He let the ship take his diaries, maps and carefully worked out scientific papers, but he would not go back on his promise to his Makololo "boys." He explored the country around Loanda before he started back to Linyanti on the way perilous. He had not gone far when word was sent on to him that the "Forerunner," on which he had sent home his papers, had been wrecked. All his papers were lost, but he knew that his keeping faith with those poor "boys" had kept him from being lost also. He stopped at once and re-wrote everything. It took him twice as long to get back to Linyanti as the journey thence had occupied, but he had a royal welcome on his return. "You have opened a path for us," said the people, "and we shall have sleep"—sleep undisturbed, they meant, by the terrible dreams of the slave raids and the more awful sounds of the massacre and

pillage. It was September, 1855, before he got back, but on the way he had had the great joy of discovering the watershed of Central Africa, which had been such a puzzle to geographers.

He Goes to the East Coast

For eight weeks Livingtone remained at Linyanti, busy every day, and then started eastwards to the sea. The chief, Sekeletu, provisioned him amply and gave an escort of a hundred and twenty men. It was on this journey he discovered the great falls on the Zambesi, which he named after his queen, "Victoria Falls." His chief enemies this time were wars among the tribes and armed hostility against his progress. Where the Zambesi meets the Loangwa, Livingstone went through such a crisis as he had never before faced. He and his whole party were in imminent danger of being massacred. When there seemed to be no escape, he went to prayer. He pleaded the promises, and quoted to himself the words of his Master—"Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He writes in his diary—"It is the word of a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I had intended. It would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last." The next morning, in the presence of an armed and threatening force of natives collected to destroy him and his party, he superintended the crossing of his followers over the river, conversed with the sullen warriors who had come to kill him, showed them his watch, saved a place for himself in the last boat, thanked the astonished men, wished them peace, and crossed the river. This was Livingstone at his best! It was a thing no man without Livingstone's God and Livingstone's character could have done.

He Returns to England

Through many other dangers and difficulties he pursued his course to Quilimane, which he finally reached, and sailed for England in March, 1856. He reached Dover in December of that year. Moffat had written to him saying—"You have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation

in laying open a world of immortal beings, all needing the Gospel, and at a time, now that war is over, when people may exert their energies on an object compared with which that which has occupied the master minds of Europe, and expended so much money, and shed so much blood, is but a phanton." In Livingstone's heart gratitude was the dominant note.

He is Highly Honoured

Livingstone remained in England till March, 1859. The highest honours were showered on him, including an interview with the Queen. In 1857 he wrote his "Missionary Travels," which sold so enormously that his profits amounted to over 6,000 pounds sterling. Being desirous to open up Central Africa so as to stop the slave trade, he accepted an offer to go as commander of a Government expedition to explore East and Central Africa, accepting also the appointment of Consul at Quilimane. Out of his own pocket he provided the funds to support a missionary in Africa for five years. He was not resigning his missionary work. Memorable among his words were these—"The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." Among his last words were those at Cambridge University, when he said,—"I beg to direct your attention to Africa: I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open: do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity: do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you!"

He Returns to Africa

On his return to Africa, Livingstone was accompanied by his wife and their youngest child, and he took along a small steamer, the "Ma Robert." He was now influential, famous and rich, but the next five years were to be for him "years of accumulated disappointments, bereavements, failures and rebuffs, faced with courage and borne with resignation, but none the less leaving upon his life the shadow of great and crushing sorrow which never wholly lifted."

At Tette he rejoined his Makololo "boys," who were overjoyed to see him again. The "Ma Robert" turned out to be a complete failure, so he asked Government to

send him out a steamer, and himself invested all the profits on his writings in purchasing the "Lake Nyassa." Before the end of that year he discovered Lake Shirwa and Lake Nyassa, the latter being two hundred miles long. He found high and healthful regions, and wrote back to many friends urging the colonising of this tract and the establishing of mission stations. Once more he returned to Linyanti, to take back the Makololo, and on that occasion he learned of the failure of the new venture on the part of the London Mission, which had sent nine European missionaries to that region. Five of them perished from fever, and the attempt was abandoned.

Sorrow on Sorrow

Livingstone returned with a heavy heart to Tette. Here, in 1861, he received the new steamer, named the "Pioneer." At the same time came Bishop Mackenzie to establish the *Universities' Mission*. In a few months the Bishop was dead of fever in these inhospitable wilds, and then followed a still more crushing blow—one from which Livingstone never recovered—the death of his wife, on April 27th, 1861. He buried her in Shupanga, whose "red hills and white vales" remain with him thenceforth to the end of his wanderings. He tried to bury his sorrow in his work, but in his work he met with little success. He realised the serious limitations to which he was subject in his official capacity. But the traffic in helpless men and women was increasing rapidly, and the tragedy of it all tore at Livingstone's heart. The rivers were ghastly with human wreckage. "The paddles," he writes, "had to be cleared of bodies caught in the floats at night."

The Expedition Recalled

In 1863 Livingstone and his expedition were recalled by the Government, the word reaching him in July. He was relieved that it was to end. He sailed the "Lake Nyassa" to Zanzibar, and thence on to Bombay because he could not sell her. He had miraculous escapes in that voyage of 2,500 miles in a vessel carrying but fourteen tons of coal, and with but thirteen hands to manage her. He spent some time in Bombay, Poona, and other places, and then sailed on to England, arriving there in July, 1864. His heart was burning with but one ambition—to end the

terrible slave traffic of Africa. He was ready to go into the conflict single-handed if need be. He met with little sympathy now from Government, and gave vent to his feelings in a book on African slavery. At the same time his son, Robert, was giving his life on the far-off battlefield of Gettysburg to free African slaves in America. "The day he finished his book was the day when Lincoln was assassinated in Washington."

Leaves England Again

In August, 1865, Livingstone was again on his way back to Africa. He had buried his mother, who died at the age of 82, and had spoken his last words in Scotland—"Fear God and work hard." He went back to fight the slave trade and still further open up the country. In Bombay he sold the "Lake Nyassa" for less than half the amount he paid for her, and put the money in a bank there which shortly failed, and he lost all. He writes in his diary—"The whole of the money she cost was dedicated to the great cause for which she was built, we are not responsible for results." He reached Africa again, and determined as one objective on the discovery of the sources of the Nile. He then started out on his "greatest march." After four months we find him at Lake Nyassa, heartsick at the awful scenes of the growing slave trade.

Lakes Tanganyika and Moero

Thus began for him the year 1867. In his diary he writes—"*January 1st, 1867.* May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine." He and his party were in a land of famine, and he "took his belt up three holes." Then came a mortal blow—his medicine chest was taken away by two deserters. He writes in his diary—"I felt as if I had now received sentence of death." And no wonder, for he was wasted with fever and hunger. On April 1st he arrived at Lake Tanganyika, six months after leaving Lake Nyassa. He writes—"I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak and cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head. *But the Highest will lead me further.*" He rested for a fortnight and then started for Lake Moero, but the country was in a war and he had to wait another three months and a half. On the 8th of November he reached Moero, and spent some months there.

By the end of March, 1868, he was off for Lake Bangweolo, arriving there the middle of July. By November we find him back again at Moero, and the next month he started for Ujiji. He contracted pneumonia and had to be carried in a litter for six weeks, and arrived at the Arab town of Ujiji on the 14th of March, 1869. He was now in the heart of the slave trade region—no, not the region of the slave *trade*, for he calls it a "system of consecutive murders." The slave dealers knew why he was there and thwarted him at every point. Treachery, deceit, opposition—everything they could use against him was brought into requisition. He wrote home forty letters, paying well to have them delivered at the coast, but all were intercepted. His own supplies and letters never reached him. In July, 1869, he struck out towards the north-west, and did not get back till October, 1871. "He is only fifty-six, but he is worn out with hardship and privation. He cannot walk up-hill without panting for breath. His cheeks are hollow, and his teeth are broken or have fallen out, from trying to masticate hard and sticky food. He has frightful ulcers on his feet 'from wading in mud.' "

He Reaches Ujiji

Livingstone now hoped that the exploration of the Lualaba would give him some clue to the sources of the Nile. But July 22nd, 1870, found him "limping back to Bambarre," where he had to stay eighty days in his hut, because his feet had "failed" him. Here he read the Bible through four times. No, he is not a mere explorer! When 1871 dawns, he is waiting for letters and medicines, at the hands of men who have been bribed by the slave dealers! He entered a prayer in his diary—"O Father! Help me to finish this work to Thy glory." In February the men came, bringing him one letter out of forty he should have received!

Hunting for the Nile

The 15th of July, 1871, is a memorable date. It was on that day he witnessed on the banks of the Lualaba the massacre of four hundred people, mostly women, by slave-dealing, inhuman monsters. He counted seventeen villages in flames one day and twelve the next. He never got away from the horror of it, and wrote the story in

such words as aroused all England. "I cannot stay here in agony," he said, and returned to Ujiji. Help was nearer than he dreamed, for Henry M. Stanley was on his way to him, with two hundred men in five caravans, sent by Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, with instructions to find Livingstone alive or dead. "Spare no expense: spend all the money you want; only find Livingstone." These were the instructions, and right manfully did Stanley carry them out.

Stanley Finds Him

Stanley's arrival came at the point of Livingstone's deepest dejection. All the world knows how he found him in the heart of Central Africa. The whole civilised world listened, as it were, to Stanley's first words—"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—and it was not long till Stanley told the world 'how he found Livingstone.' It was a great day for both men. To Livingstone it meant new hope. Over and over he said to Stanley—"You have brought me new life." For Stanley it meant a changed heart—a new outlook on life. What more striking testimony could be given to Livingstone's Christian character or missionary spirit than that he welcomed to his hut, in Africa, Stanley, the man of the world, the infidel, and sent him back to civilization a converted Christian man! That was a long and perilous journey Stanley took to find Livingstone, but he also found himself—got a new heart, he found it in the forests of Africa, under the stars of the equator, with David Livingstone.

He Refuses to Go Back

Stanley used every possible argument to induce Livingstone to return home with him, but Livingstone was inflexible—his work was not yet done, Africa needed him, and whose call could be louder than Africa's? At length it was agreed that Livingstone and Stanley should march together to Unyamyembe. "Here the latter would deliver up a large supply of first-class cloth and beads, guns and ammunition, cooking utensils, clothing, boats, tents, &c., to Livingstone, who was to wait there and rest, while Stanley hurried down to the coast to organise a new expedition, composed of fifty or sixty faithful men, well-armed, by whom he could send an additional supply of necessaries."

The 18th of February, 1872, found them in Unyamyembe, and here after another month these new-found friends parted. What the parting meant to Livingstone may better be understood when we know that in nearly six years Stanley was the only white man he had seen. The one went back to civilisation and honour, the other remained to crown a marvellous career with a wonderful death, and to reign imperishable in the hearts of all good men.

His Last March

For five months Livingstone waited at Unyamyembe for the men and supplies Stanley had promised to send from the coast. They arrived about the middle of August, and on the 25th of that month David Livingstone, now almost sixty years old, started on his last great journey, "with the best equipped expedition that had ever yet accompanied him." He was as eager as ever for the march, but his journeying days were almost ended. He was not physically able to bear any longer the marches through such a country. By September 15th his diary begins to have references to severe dysentery. In October he passed along the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and thence across rivers and streams into the marsh-land of Lake Bangweolo. His last ambition was to find the sources of the Nile. War had wrought its ravages, food was scarce, rain fell incessantly, sickness was rife among the party, and David Livingstone was suffering from an incurable dysentery. It could not last. Yet he wended his way along the eastern border of Lake Bangweolo. On the 4th of April he crossed the Chambesi and thence went along the southern shore of the lake, "feeling himself to be growing weaker day by day, literally dying on his feet of physical pain and exhaustion."

His Death

On the 29th of April, after having been carried in a litter for over a fortnight, David Livingstone made his last journey, arriving at Chitambo's village, Ilala. A hut was hastily erected for him and he was helped in, on to the rude bed. The next day he lay undisturbed, though his mind wandered, and he asked many incoherent questions about the geography of the country. Early the next morning

the lad who was on watch that night roused the others who, because of the lad's alarm, went in to see Livingstone. They did not find him! What they found was his body in a kneeling posture "by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow." David Livingstone had gone! Some time between midnight and four A.M. on the first of May,* 1873, he had passed silently from the darkness of an African hut to receive the victor's crown in the palace of the King.

It would have meant much at any time for David Livingstone to die. For him to die in the heart of Africa was deeply significant, but for Livingstone to die *alone*, in the heart of Africa, *on his knees*—this kindled the missionary enthusiasm of the whole world. In his sad and lonely death, as in his sad and lonely life, he gloriously served his Master and the great land of his adoption—the Dark Continent, where for over thirty years his light had been shining as only can shine the Light of the World.

The Funeral Procession

That David Livingstone should have died in the heart of Africa, over forty years ago, before the day of railways there, and yet have been buried in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most marvellous things connected with his wonderful history. He left his company of African followers without a single parting word, yet they agreed to a man that they would carry his body to the east coast and deliver the remains to the British Consul. It was an act of heroism and loving devotion which has perhaps no parallel in history. The journey to the coast was long, over a thousand miles,—in itself dangerous, and in this instance beset with peculiar difficulties and hostility due to the superstition of those whose domains had to be traversed. Never before was such a funeral procession! His followers, under the direction of his faithful Sufi and Chuma, first buried Livingstone's heart under a mvula tree, and then embalmed the body, taking fourteen days for the task. It was then inserted in the whole bark of a tree and tied

* This is the date his diary would lead us to accept, while on his grave in Westminster we find May 4th.

up in a sail cloth. They were nine months reaching the coast.

"On February 15th, 1874, their sacred charge was fulfilled, and their precious burden, so jealously and and triumphantly preserved, was handed over to the possession of the British Consul at Bogomio on the coast. The *Calcutta* transferred the remains to Aden, and the P. and O. steamer, *Malwa*, carried them thence to Southampton, where, on April 15th, a special train was in waiting to convey them to London." The body was identified by means of the oblique fracture of his arm, the work of the lion at Mabotsa, and the resulting false joint, and on the 18th of April, England paid his remains the highest honour possible, by placing them within the walls of Westminster Abbey. "Punch" spoke for all Britain when it wrote:—

Buried in Westminster Abbey

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage."

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone!"

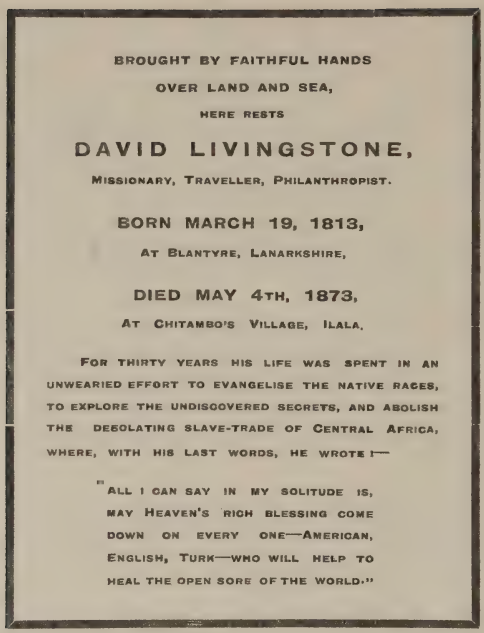
"No grave in the famous Abbey," says C. Silvester Horne, "is more frequently asked for by visitors than his." Stand, with heads uncovered, and let us read the epitaph upon the floor. (See p. 59.)

On the right border of the stone are the words:—

Tantus amor veri, nihil est quod
noscere malim
Quam fluvii causas,
per saecula tanta latentes.

And on the left border:—

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."


BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST.

BORN MARCH 19, 1813,

AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE,

DIED MAY 4TH, 1873,

AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.

FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN AN UNWEARIED EFFORT TO EVANGELISE THE NATIVE RACES, TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED SECRETS, AND ABOLISH THE DESOLATING SLAVE-TRADE OF CENTRAL AFRICA, WHERE, WITH HIS LAST WORDS, HE WROTE:—

"ALL I CAN SAY IN MY SOLITUDE IS, MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN ON EVERY ONE—AMERICAN, ENGLISH, TURK—WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THE OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD."

We have called David Livingstone a "man of sacrifice." Let us pause at his grave and think of what he sacrificed in his lifelong determination to bring all his powers "into subjection to one supreme, disinterested ambition for the glory of God and the good of man." He began in his first decade by sacrificing the pleasures of boyhood to help his parents earn enough to support the family. He sacrificed home and native land, to live the life of a missionary. Then he sacrificed wife and children in order to continue the work for which God had called him to Africa. For the sake of this same work he sacrificed the rest and safety that would have been his in a settled station. He continued in sufferings untold and journeys perilous when urged to return comfortably to England. When, after sixteen years of absence, he retuned to England, he sacrificed the honour and ease which might have been his by

The Man of Sacrifice

remaining there, and went back to the Dark Continent. For the sake of his missionary enterprise he sacrificed all the profits he had made by his writings while in England. He sacrificed his health for the great cause of liberating and enlightening Africa, and sacrificed his peace of mind by moving constantly among the awful scenes of savagery and the slave trade. And then, at last, he crowned his life of sacrifice by giving all that was left—life itself.

The Message of His Life

Sacrifice—this is the essential message of David Livingstone's life. This is what "he being dead yet speaketh" to India. David Livingstone stands before the small company of those who know Christ in India, and his voice calls to them. It is still the day of pioneering, there is still the need of those who will step out and carry forward the Banner of the Cross into regions of darkness, regions of suffering. He has no gold in his hand, he speaks not of comfort, his words are not of fame, but David Livingstone calls us to the life of self-sacrifice. Shall India have her David Livingstones? We who know that his heart lies buried in the heart of Africa, can understand the meaning of his call, as we listen to the words of his Master and ours—

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

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